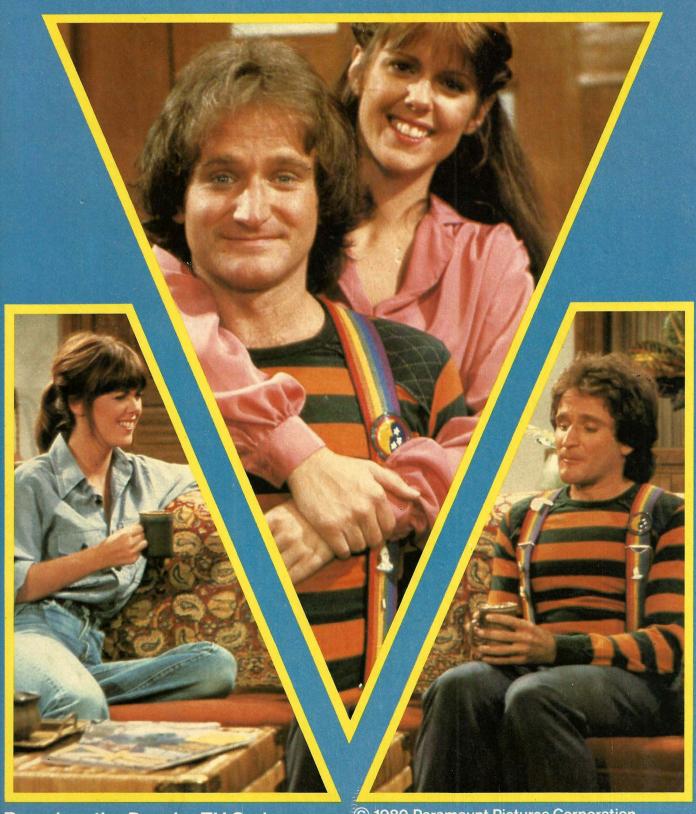
MORKE MINDY.

annual 1981



Based on the Popular TV Series

© 1980 Paramount Pictures Corporation

* Designates Trademark of Paramount Pictures Corporation

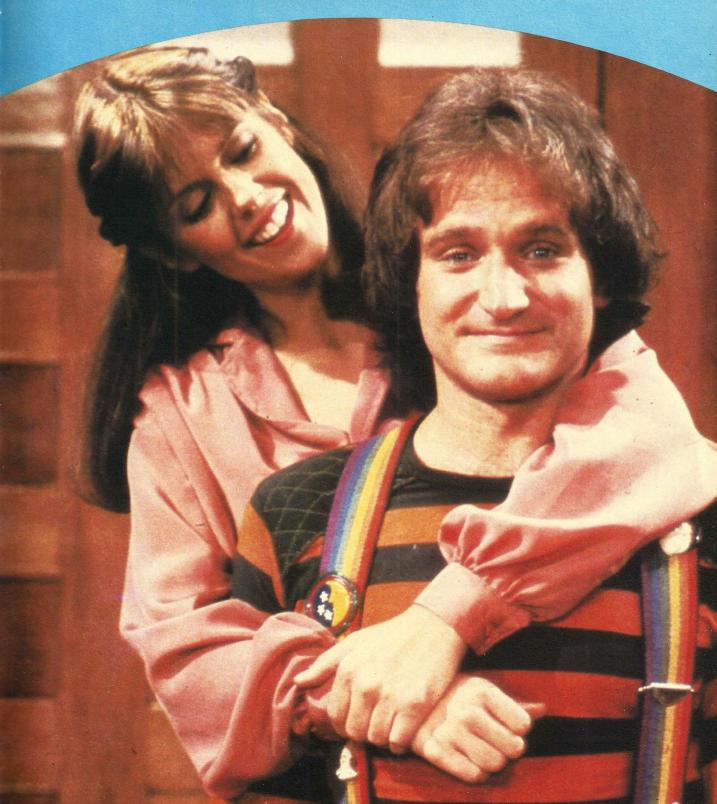








NORK& MINDY ANNUAL 1981





The Wrong end of the stick

Frederick sighed as he entered Mindy's apartment and found Mork upside down on the couch with his fingers in his ears, juggling three glasses of water with his feet.

"Mork?" He said, trying to attract the man from Ork's attention. He failed.

"MORK!" shouted Frederick.

Mork opened his eyes, saw Frederick, then somersaulted to the floor, leaving the three glasses of water hovering in the air.

"Home!" He commanded, pointing to the washbasin. The three glasses sped off to the sink, emptied the water and then cuddled together upside down on the sideboard.

"Playful little tykes aren't they?" said Mork.
"Very," agreed Frederick, "Is Mindy in?"

"Hi dad!" said Mindy, suddenly entering from her room, "what's the matter? You look a little . . . er . . . a little perturbed."

Frederick mopped his forehead with his handkerchief.

"I know I should be used to it by now but... er . . ." He looked at Mork and moved the handkerchief deftly round the inside of his collar.

"Mork," said Mindy, a note of reproach in her voice, "what have you been doing?"

"He was juggling three full glasses of water with his feet," said Frederick.

"Mork," warned Mindy, "If you've spilled any water on –"

"That's just it," said Frederick, "He didn't spill a drop. Not one single drop. I guess I just can't get used to being around weirdoes."

"Dad!" said Mindy. "That's rude. There's plenty of weird customers in your shop and anyway Mork isn't that weird."

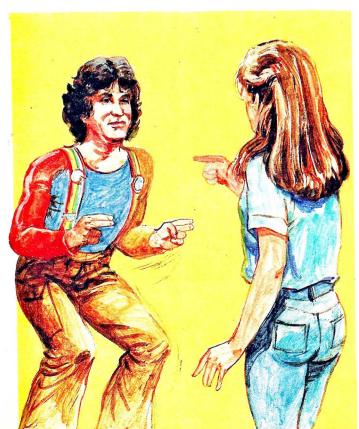
"He isn't?" asked Frederick, casting a despairing look up from Mork's running shoes to his multi-coloured sweat shirt. "Why does he have to wear those silly looking braces?"

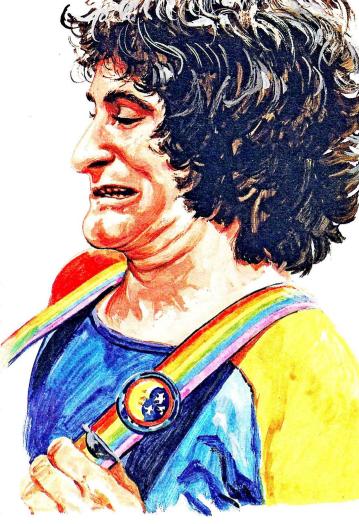
"To keep my silly looking trousers up," said

Mork, twanging his braces proudly.

"That joke was old when dinosaurs ruled the earth," said Frederick. "Why don't you just wear a belt like everyone else?"

"Can you talk to a belt?" asked Mork, whispering a quiet Na-No Na-No to his braces. "Does a belt keep your shoulders warm? Can you play with a belt?" As he spoke this last sentence Mork put his hand to his mouth and began whooping like a red Indian, hopping round the room and firing flower stems at Mindy with a catapulting motion of his braces. "Can you dance to the beat of a belt?" He continued, twanging his braces and wriggling up and down in a manner Frederick found particularly unnerving. "And finally," he said gravely, standing up and hooking his braces over his ears, "Can a belt help you twiddle your ears?" He drummed on his braces and his ears waggled backwards and forwards. Mork put his thumbs in his braces and pulled them forward in the same way he had seen a lawyer in a cowboy film do. "No, Frederick," he said in a deep Southern drawl, "I put it to you that these braces are among the most upstanding in the state, some of the finest elasticated material ever to drape a shoulder, and that it is you Frederick, you with your pernicious animal hide belts who are guilty as charged!"





Mork twanged his braces and Mindy and Frederick exchanged baffled glances. Mindy could tell her father was getting upset with Mork's mad behaviour.

"Mork," said Mindy quietly.

"Mindy," said Mork.

"Mork, I don't want you to take offence -"

"I wouldn't want to touch a fence."

"I mean I don't want you to be upset -"

"You mean this is a set up?" asked Mork, backing off and holding up his fingers like pistols. "Back off, buddies – nobody sets up Morky."

"Mork!" shouted Mindy, becoming angry. "Will you just belt up and listen to what I've got to say?"

Mork felt the rim of his trousers for a belt. Mindy became even angrier.

"Mork, all I want to tell you is that you've got to stop getting hold of the wrong end of things. You've got to watch what you say."

Mork peeped over his cheeks at his silent mouth.

"I'm watching," he said.

"You don't have to take things so literally," explained Frederick. "If I said something like 'Pull yourself together Mork', you wouldn't – "Frederick broke off as Mork sat down, put his feet behind his head and started cuddling his own shoulders. "I guess you would." He finished lamely.

"Enough of this," said Mindy, "I've got to go shopping, and you've got to get back to the shop, dad." She turned towards Mork. "Are you coming with me, or are you going to sit here kicking your heels?"

"Ouch!" said Mork as he kicked his right heel very hard. "I think I'll come along with you. I think it's about time I proved to you that I don't always pick up the wrong end of the stick and beat around the bush with it."

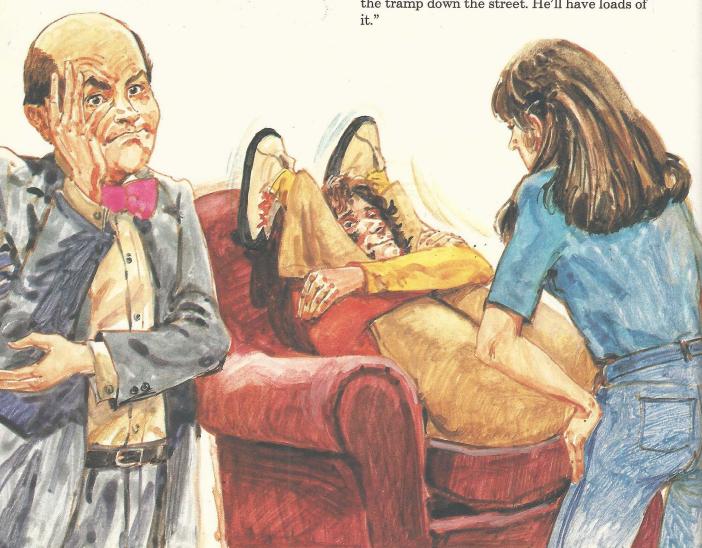
Frederick drove off to the shop and Mork and Mindy drove to the local supermarket. Mork was on his best behaviour because Mindy seemed to be angry with him. He didn't know why, but he knew that Earth people were very unpleasant when they were angry. He suppressed a smile as he thought of Frederick's face when Mindy had told how Mork had wanted to take all the money from the till in Frederick's music store and give it to a tramp he had met down the street. Mork couldn't understand why Robin Hood was a hero for taking from the rich and giving to the poor and yet he was called a lunatic for trying the same thing.

"I'd be bankrupt in no time," Frederick had said.

"What's bankrupt?" Mork had replied.

"It's when you've got no money."

"You mean poor?" Mork had asked. Frederick had nodded in reply. Mork had put an arm reassuringly round his shoulder. "Don't worry," he had said, "I'll take some money from the tramp down the street. He'll have loads of it."





Mork's reasoning had nearly given Frederick apoplexy and Mindy had told him to cool it, so after sitting in the refrigerator for two hours, Mork had tried his best to behave. Unfortunately it hadn't worked out too well, especially after the incident with the bowl of spaghetti and the yoghurt, and now, as they turned into the supermarket car park, Mork knew that one more boob from him and Mindy would blow her top.

"You push the trolley and I'll pick the goods," said Mindy as they walked into the cool, air-conditioned supermarket. Mork obediently pulled a wire frame basket from the long row of them parked by the door. He began whistling a traditional Orkan trolley-pushing song but was immediately silenced by black look from Mindy.

"Just keep your mouth shut and do what you're told," she hissed.

"Mmmm," nodded Mork through tight lips. They walked down the long corridors of goods for sale with Mindy in the lead, picking up any article she wanted and dropping it into the basket behind. Everything went without a

hitch until they got to the pay-out desk and Mindy turned round to see the basket full of goods she had no intention of buying.

"What have you been doing, Mork?" asked Mindy. Mork grinned and pointed to his closed mouth.

"I thought I told you to behave," Mindy went on.

"Mmmm," nodded Mork again, his smiling lips firmly shut.

"Where are all these goods from?" said Mindy, indicating the overflowing trolley. "Nobody told you to buy these."

Mork frowned indignantly and pointed to a sign above the pet food section of the store. It read:

ENRICHED NEW BONZOGROOVE

BUYTHREETINS AND GET ONE FREE!

Mork hopped humming up and down and pointed to the four cans of Enriched New Bonzogroove he had put in the trolley. He then picked up a packet of Wheaty-Brek and pointed to another sign that read:



IF YOU LIKE SOMEONE

BUY THEM NEW SUPER WHEATY-BREK

THEY'RE SURE TO LIKE YOU!

Mork thrust the packet of Wheaty-Brek into Mindy's hands with a big smile, then drew her attention to yet another sign:

NEW KITT-O-BITS

GET SOME NOW!

Mindy fished one of the five tins of Kitt-O-Bits from the trolley and held it up.

"Mork," she explained with a chilly voice. "We haven't got a cat."

"Mmm," nodded Mork in agreement.
"Mm mm mmm mmm m mm mmm."

"Pardon?" said Mindy.

"Mm mm mmm mmm m mmm," explained Mork.

"Will you please speak properly?" asked Mindy.

"Well Mindy old bean," said Mork in his best stage voice, "I was only doing what I was told. The sign said take one and I did."

"Thank goodness you didn't read the instructions on the fire extinguisher," said Mindy. "And I dread to think what you'd have done if you'd seen the 'cut-price' signs."

"I did," said Mork, throwing a confetti-like cloud of torn-up price tags into the air. Mindy blushed furiously and began pushing the trolley back down the aisle, away from the cash desk.

"You said I had to do what I was told," said Mork, scampering after his irate flat-mate, who was busily trying to replace the unwanted goods on the shelves. Mork pointed to a huge pyramid of apples by a sign reading:

TAKE SOME HOME WITH YOU NOW

"I was only trying to be good," he explained, picking three large apples from the pile, "I was only being obedient." He stared hopefully at Mindy, but any forgiveness that might have been forthcoming vanished when the piles of apples collapsed and hundreds of them began bouncing down the supermarket aisles. Mindy watched in horror as a large and very angry man came striding quickly towards them.

"Beat it!" she hissed at Mork, "I'll explain everything."

Mork stood waiting innocently as the man drew nearer.

"Beat it, I said!" said Mindy. Mork remained there, a smile on his face. The angry man came puffing to a halt in front of them.

"What's your game, buddy?" He snarled at Mork.

"Beating it," said Mork. "I'm just waiting for Mindy to explain the rules."

"I meant for you to go out of here and meet me outside," said Mindy, "while I explain what happened to this gentleman. Now get out of here, be polite, and don't touch anything."

"Anything?" asked Mork.

"Anything," said Mindy firmly.

"Will do," said Mork, hovering half an inch from the floor and gliding over the fallen apples. "Goodbye, apples," he said, bowing politely. "Goodbye dogfood can, goodbye can next to it; goodbye can next to that; goodbye label on can next to that; goodbye writing on label; goodbye letter B; goodbye letter O; goodbye letter—"

"Mork!" shouted Mindy at the bowing Orkan. Mork looked up quizzically. "Get out of here!"

That evening, Mindy discussed Mork's behaviour with her father as they sat with Mork in Cora's kitchen.

"If the manager hadn't fainted when Mork floated out of the door I'd still be there now," said Mindy. Frederick shook his head in sympathy.

"I thought we'd warned you about taking things too literally," he said to Mork, "I thought you understood when I warned you about picking up things right." "Don't bully the poor boy," said Cora, who was standing by the stove. "These things need experience. Make yourself useful and pass me those eggs."

"I wasn't bullying him," said Frederick, getting up from his seat and reaching for the box of eggs, "I was just trying to point out -"

"Frederick-" said Mork.

distaste.

"It's rude to interrupt, Mork," said Mindy.
"It certainly is," agreed Frederick, picking up
the box and moving to hand them to Cora. As
he did so, the bottom fell open and the eggs
crashed to the floor. He stared at them with

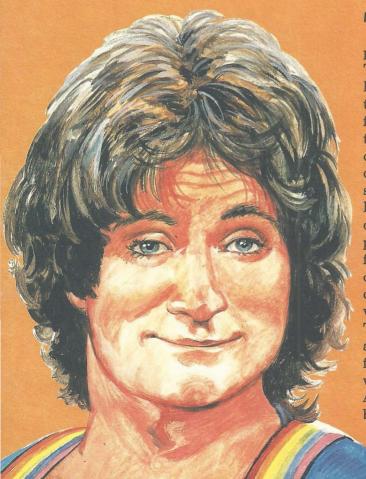
"What were you saying, Mork?" he asked.
"I just wanted to warn you not to pick up that
box wrongly. I wanted you to get the right end
of it."

The look on his face was so innocent that all three of the others burst out laughing.





SPACED-OUT



The success of many stand up comics is I often due to the individuality of their personalities as much as their material. Tommy Cooper doesn't have to speak to have his audience rocking and Freddie Starr just has to lift a custard pie to bring squeals of laughter from his fans. It is because of the uniqueness of their stage characters that stand-up comics often find it difficult to switch to situation comedy, where - unless they are acting themselves - they are required to subordinate their known characters to the demands of the plot, or, more risky still, to adopt an entirely new personality. A lot of stand-up comics have flopped outside the intimacy of theatres and clubs and a lot of quick-fire, spontaneous stage comedians have seemed stilted and wooden when acting out a story for films or television. The right vehicle for a comedian's talent is always difficult to find, but when you're looking for something to showcase the talents of the wildest, most wayward and intuitive comic America has produced in years, the search becomes virtually impossible.



SUPERSTAR

In fact, the search for a suitable show for Robin Williams went into outer space before returning to top the ratings with television's craziest situation comedy, Mork and Mindy. Robin dominates the show with his super-slick ad-libs and his compulsive, unscripted clowning that frequently leaves co-star Pam Dawber literally helpless with laughter.

Like many comedians. Robin was a loner as a child, and used humour as a defence mechanism against the other kids who tormented him. His early life was spent moving from school to school as his sales executive father followed the fortunes of his job with the Ford Motor Company. At each new school and each new address, Robin had to go through the often difficult procedure of getting accepted by an established group of people. He spent a good deal of his time alone at home, playing with his toy soldiers and inventing elaborate games, with different characters appearing in each one. He also had a tape recorder and he used to record famous comedians routines and play them over again and again. He developed

a vast range of different voices and characters that kept him company in the lonely hours of his childhood and provided him with a vast storehouse of material for his later career.

"My only friends," says Robin, "were in my imagination."

The shy, introverted loner began to come into his own when his father retired to California. The liberal schools and carefree manner of the inhabitants of the sunshine state suited Robin's complex personality and his character, and social life, began to blossom. His father was displeased, however, when Robin's classmates – after voting him the Funniest in the class, also voted him the "Least Likely to Succeed."

In an attempt to placate his father and to show that he was also capable of seriousness, Robin enrolled in the Claremont Men's College to study political science. He soon discovered, however, that he lacked whatever it is that makes a successful political science major, and faced with falling grades and Robin's undiminished ambition to appear on the stage,

his father agreed to send Robin to the College of Marin to study Shakespeare. It was at Marin that Robin won a scholarship to study drama and speech at the famous Juillard School in New York.

At Juillard Robin studied hard and broadened his experience of the acting profession. The emphasis in the school was on drama and the classics, and while Robin achieved a high level of performance in these fields, he still had a need to entertain. He and a friend perfected a mime act that they performed on the streets of New York, gaining valuable experience and considerable financial rewards from the appreciative passers-by.



After three years of serious study, Robin felt it was time to put what he had learned into practice and set off for San Francisco looking for straight acting jobs. These proved extremely difficult to get hold of, however, and Robin, determined to remain active in showbusiness, delved into the stock of comedy routines he had built up throughout his life and took them onto the boards in a series of smalltime talent shows. He built up a bit of a reputation in the area, was signed up for a 'Laugh-In' revival, and landed a guest spot on 'Happy Days' as Mork from Ork. It was then. when things seemed to be breaking for him at last, that Robin Williams' career almost came to an end.

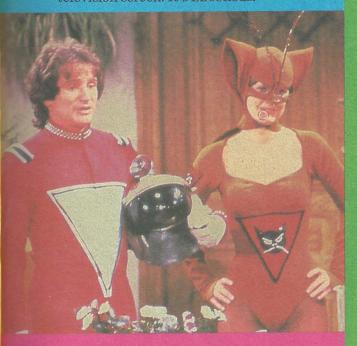


Like most young actors offered their first big break in show-business, Robin had signed a contract with an agency without bothering to read the small print. In a business where contracts can be so sophisticatedly ambiguous that teams of lawyers get rich arguing the finer points of them, Robin's signing led to a legal tangle of claim and counter claim, with much wheeling, dealing, intrigue and manipulation that threatened to strangle his career before it had really begun. The wild success of his 'Happy Days' spot, and the proposed Mork and Mindy series made Robin a hot property and eventually he was forced to ask for a hearing from the American Arbitration Association to sort out the mess. At the end of the hearing, arbitrator Edgar A. Jones said: arrangement is so utterly lacking in mutuality of obligation and so disproportionately advantageous to the producer as to fail to pass



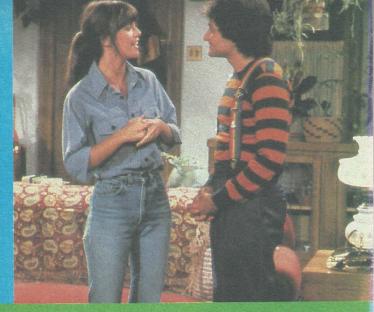
muster as an enforceable contract." In other words, Mork was free to make the series.

From then on, Robin's career has rocketed, thanks mainly to the immediate public affection for his performance as Mork. Mork is like an innocent child, but one who can reason, talk, question, and point out the inanities of life on earth today. He is also mischievous and strange, giving plenty of scope for Robin to go through his whole gallery of faces, voices and routines. In fact, it is Robin's spontaneity on the set that keeps the show so fresh. "If I have a good time," he says, "and the cast have a good time, then it will come across on the television screen, It's infectious."



Robin is careful not to sacrifice all his material to television's insatiable appetite for new comics and new jokes, and he keeps topping up his vast reservoir of comedy routines by returning to the small talent shows where he first started out and trying out new gags. As he explains, he likes to keep things fluid, to continue to experiment: "If you find yourself stiffened up and not taking chances, you then become a situation comedy comedian."

Robin is too ambitious to settle for that, and his capturing of the coveted role of Popeye in the feature film, proves his wisdom. His determination to keep the edge of originality to his work encourages him to take chances,



and his wild flights of fancy add a new dimension of excitement to a tradition of entertainment that can easily become formularised and safe. Robin admits being a fan of the bizzarre American comedian Jonathan Winters, but his manic clowning is essentially his own creation and he is single minded in his desire to expand the boundaries of conventional humour. When visiting New York as an established star, he saw a white faced clown performing mime on his old patch, and he immediately joined in with an hour-long impromptu show that delighted the sidewalk fans and swelled the young mime artists takings. It is this attitude that has kept Robin Williams as sparkling a talent as ever, and is likely to keep Mork and Mindy at the top as the whackiest situation comedy to hit the airwaves.

















Mindy's merry makers

Mork's sense of humour is, to say the least, strange. He can get as many laughs from a cookery book as from a comic strip. While Mindy thinks Mork is very funny Mork does not always laugh at the jokes that make her smile. In fact, one night when Mindy was swapping jokes with Frederick and Cora, the only time Mork laughed was when Frederick dropped an ice-cube in his lap. That didn't stop the others from having a good laugh, however, and here are some of the jokes that tickled their fancies.

A man went to see his lawyer.

"I'd like to lose 148lb of ugly, unwanted fat."

"I'm a doctor of law, not a doctor of medicine. I'm afraid you've made a mistake."

"No mistake. I want a divorce."

"What are the three words most used by schoolchildren?"

"I don't know."
"That's right."

A man was showing a guest round his house. The guest stopped to admire a large candlestick holder, made entirely of gold.

"Phew!" Whistled the guest in admiration, "that's a wonderful piece,"

"Yes," Agreed the host, "it was handed down to me by my father."

"Oh, so he's dead then?" asked the guest sympathetically.

"No, he's in jail. The cops caught him up the ladder just after he'd handed it to me.

After a large meal the waiter presented the diner with the bill. The man checked the money in his pockets and looked up in embarrassment.

"I'm sorry, waiter," he said, "I seem to have only just got enough money to pay the bill. I'm awfully sorry but I shan't be able to leave a tip."

"Let me add that bill again, sir," said the

waiter quickly.

Two men were talking over the garden fence.

"Do you think it's going to rain tonight?" asked one.

"I hope not," said the other, "I wanted to water the lawn."

An office boy nervously entered the Boss's office.

"Er, excuse me sir," he said, "but I think you're wanted on the other phone."

"Think!?" The boss exploded. "You THINK? Don't you know?"

"Well you see sir, the voice said 'Hello Poopsie, you wicked old man. Is that you?"

What do you call a musical instrument that swings from tree to tree?

A lazy young man was being interviewed

for a job. The boss was very strict.

"If I decide to give you this job, will you promise to be here on the stroke of nine every day?"

"Is that the first stroke or the last?"

A man visited the doctor complaining

about pains in the chest.

"Take off your shirt, then go over to the nurse and pull out your tongue," said the doctor.

"Will that help the pain?" asked the man. "No," said the Doctor, "but it will serve the nurse right for pinching that cream cake at tea-time."

Did you hear about the baby who was so ugly his mother used to feed him with a catapult?

Sign under a clock in a Scottish Hotel: This clock is for the use of hotel staff and patrons only.

Two women were discussing the problems of a male friend.

"He had a terrible time of it," said one, "I'm told the police were called."

"Really," answered the other. "Did he take it like a man?"

"Just like a man - he blamed it all on his wife."

KNOCK! KNOCK!

Who's there?

TICK.

Tick who?

TICK 'EM UP, I'M A TONGUE TIED T'IEF!

A man walked into a shoeshop.

"I'd like some alligator shoes, please," he said

"Certainly sir," replied the shop assistant. "What size?"

"I knew I'd forgotten something," said the man. "I'll measure up the alligator and come back tomorrow."

The firing squad was ready and the commander asked the prisoner if he would like one last request.

"Yes," replied the man. "I'd like to sing a song."

"All right then," said the commander. "Off you go."

"Twenty million green bottles hanging on the wall.

Twenty million green bottles hanging on the wall,

And if one green bottle should accidently fall ..."

A miser's wife fell very ill. One night the miser visited her on her deathbed.

"How are you?" he asked.

"Bad," she replied. "Very bad. I don't think I'll last the night."

"I'll be leaving you then," said the miser getting up. "And don't forget to blow out the candle before you go."

Two women were talking over a cup of tea.

"How's your husband?" asked one.

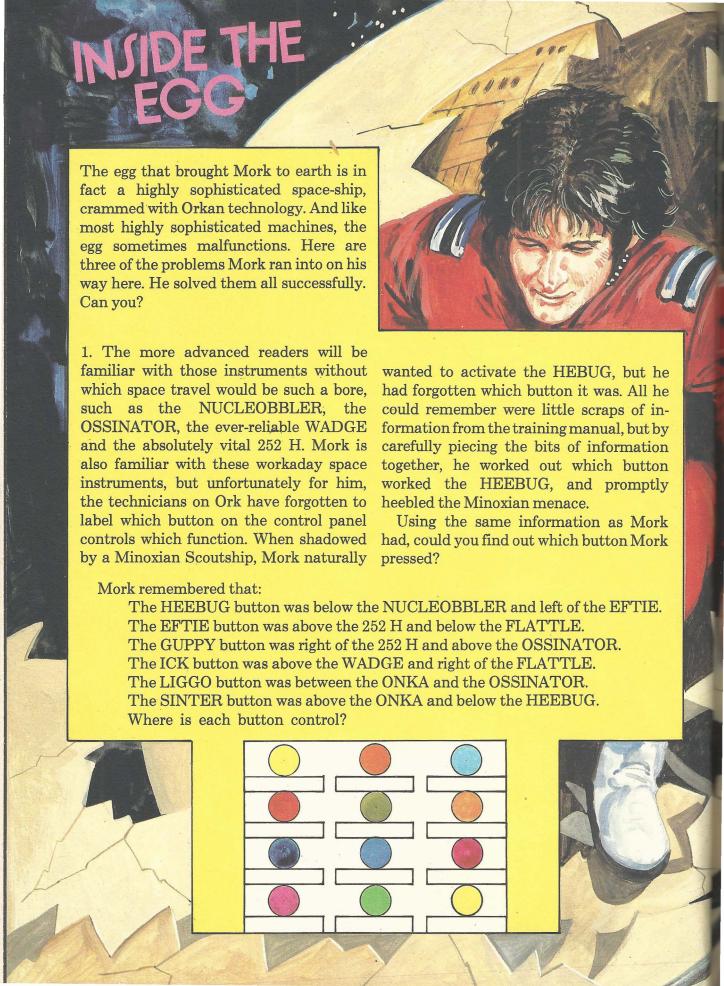
"His face lights up whenever I get home," replied the other.

"He must love you very much."

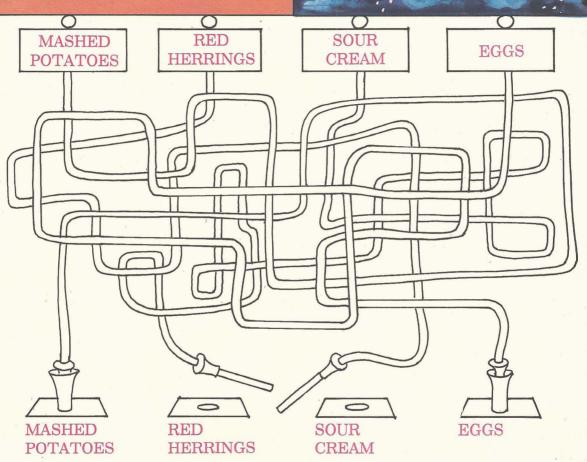
"No, I stick his nose in the light socket."

Why do firemen drive so fast? Because if they don't hurry back to base they'll forget whose deal it is.

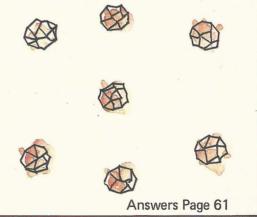




2. With the Minoxian safely heebled, Mork's next problem was two connections in the Auto-Menu. All Mork had to do was plug in the right wire into the right hole. It seems simple enough, but if Mork had connected the wires wrongly, the egg would have been immediately swamped with sour cream and red herrings. Which plug goes in which hole?



3. The last hitch Mork encountered was with the Dilirian crystals. As all space travellers are aware, separate Dilirian crystals are liable to explode if placed in close proximity. The radiation from the crystals is usually masked off with thin strips of Snittertape, but Mork's warning system told him the Snittertape fitted had already begun to erode. He had to separate the Dilirian crystals from each other, but he only had three strips of Snittertape. He succeeded, but how?





The faint sound from the kitchen didn't detract Mindy from Red's convulsive writhings on the floor, or from Lady Mulchester's gloating confession that she knew where the skull had been buried even before Joey Two-Toes has spilled.

"Eeek!" The strange sound repeated itself again. "Eeek! Eeeek!"

Mindy's attention wavered between the shadowy figure behind Lady Mulchester's curtains and the squeaking sounds from the kitchen. If that shadow was Red's moll Ruby, and if she was packing the rod that Joey had planted by the corpse, and if she could squeeze

off three or four rounds before the butler arrived with Johnny Straightman, the guy who worked in the stables and whose eyes always seemed to twinkle when he helped Her Ladyship onto Brigand, her fiery steed, and whose strong, dark hands extended from his rough shirt as he helped her down, revealing thick black hairs on his forearm that could not quite cover the strange tattooed symbol that peeped beneath the frayed cuffs, if Red could just –.

"Eeek! Ooook! Owk! Shazbat! Eeek!" The noises grew even louder.

Mindy slammed her book shut just as the shadowy figure's finger tightened on the trigger, and stormed into the kitchen to discover the reason for the strange sounds. She found it in the form of Mork, her Orkan flatmate, who was standing in a pan on the stove with one leg raised in the air. Everytime the foot in the pan seemed to get too hot, Mork would hop deftly onto the other foot with a short, squeaky, cry. When that foot grew too hot, Mork would repeat the action.

"What are you doing?" asked Mindy.

"Treacle pudding!" said Mork.

"Treacle pudding?" repeated Mindy.

"Treacle pudding," repeated Mork, "The label said it would make my mouth water."

"Why are you hopping around in that pan and squeaking like a mouse with stomach trouble?"

"It's how you're meant to cook it," said Mork pointing to the label on the tin he was waving above his head. "It says pierce tin and then stand in boiling water for twenty five minutes. Eeek!" He hopped onto the other foot and smiled bravely. "I've only got twenty-two minutes to go."

"You'd better get down Mork," said Mindy.
"There's something you need to know."

Mork jumped down and sat down at the table as Mindy explained you were meant to stand the tin of treacle pudding in the boiling water.

"Oh shame!" he said, slumping onto the table as Mindy cooked the pudding, "Oh woe is me. The kitchen hates me!"





"It doesn't hate you, Mork," said Mindy, "the reason you don't have any success is that you keep getting the instructions wrong."

"Is it any wonder?" cried Mork, "On Ork our food is delivered by postal tubes."

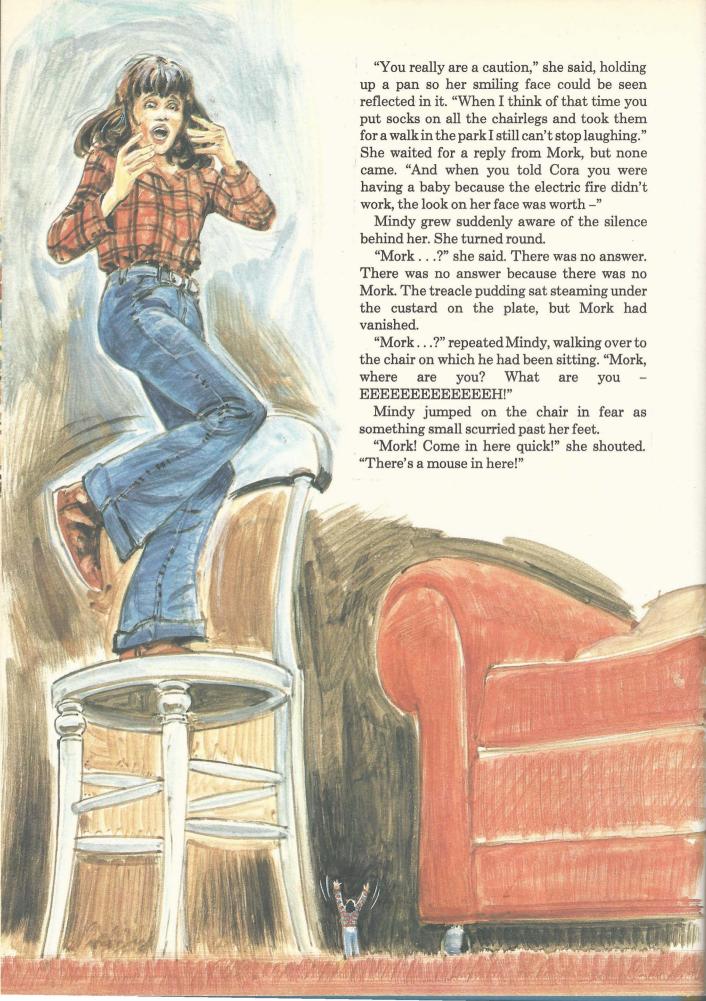
"Maybe," said Mindy, "But the last time you used the kitchen I found three Superman comics in the oven."

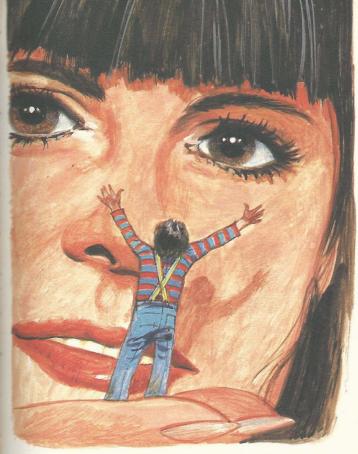
"I got that recipe from television. Humphrey Bogart told George Raft that if he cooked the books they'd both be rich."

"That was a gangster film. Cooking the books is illegal."

"Books are a protected species?"

"Cooking the books is criminal slang for falsifying accounts. It's not a recipe. Now eat this." She put the plate of treacle pudding in front of Mork and covered it with custard. Mork took a large spoonful as Mindy washed the pots.





But once again there was no reply. Only the scraping of a small animal climbing the leg of the chair. Mindy, her heart almost in her mouth, forced her gaze downwards towards the offending creature. What she saw made her fall backwards across the table. It was Mork, but a Mork who was only two inches tall!

Mindy picked herself up and then picked up Mork and rested him in the palm of her hand. "Mork?" she asked worriedly, "what's

happened to you?"

"I'm a nimnul!" squeaked Mork disconsolately. "I forgot to check out my Dangerous Substances Manual. Custard powder is lethal to Orkans. It's one of the first lessons you learn when travelling the cosmos."

"Custard powder?" said Mindy. "Is there no anti-dote?"

"There's one," said Mork, "but it's so rare, so valuable, so incredibly hard to manufacture, that there's no chance of getting hold of any in time."

"Oh Mork," said Mindy, the tears welling up in her eyes, "We've got to try! Tell me what it is."

"No," said Mork, shaking his head. "It's no use. It's too late."

"Tell me, Mork, please," wailed Mindy. "While there's life we can hope."

"It's no good," said Mork, "we'll never get hold of any ink on this planet."

"Ink?" shrieked Mindy. "The antidote is INK? Mork, we've got gallons of it on this planet."

"You have?" said Mork. "Where?"

"In newspapers, magazines, books, pens." Mindy put some magazines on the table and unscrewed a ball-point pen to show Mork the insides.

"No use," said Mork, studying the thick red ink in the pen. "It's got to be blue ink, and it's got to be wet."

"How long have you got before the custard powder takes full effect?"

"About ten minutes."

"Then come with me – we'll drive to the local printers. They're bound to have some ink there. Come on, – it's not far!"

Mindy popped Mork in her bag, dashed down the stairs, started up her engine and drove as fast as she could round to the printers. She screeched to a halt and ran through the door of the building. A uniformed man grabbed her by the arm.



"Hold it, lady," he said, "I got strict instructions not to let anybody in. Lulu McQuiver's memoirs are being printed today and if any of her scandals were leaked to the press, all the surprise value of the book would disappear."

"I don't care about Lulu McQuiver or her memoirs. I'm in a hurry – I must get some ink. If I don't pour some on Mork the custard powder will kill him!"

Mindy struggled to get free, but the guard held on tight. As she wriggled her arm violently to escape, her bag went flying, hit the floor, and the contents spilled all over the place

"Mork!" shouted Mindy, getting on her hands and knees and sifting through her belongings. "Mork! Where are you? Speak to me!" She was still scrabbling around on all fours when two men in white coats lifted her to her feet and took her to the first aid room.

Meanwhile Mork had taken advantage of the confusion to dash further into the building. The thick carpet made the going tough, but soon he had left the entrance hall and was in a corridor. Mindy had told him that the printers made up bottles of ink as a sideline, and he was hoping to find that area of the building before anyone found him.





But Mork's luck was out. Lulu McQuiver, all 460 lbs of her squeezed into a gold lame dress that would have comfortably housed a family of five, had arrived to supervise the printing and was now leaving in a huff after one of the presses broke down and the foreman asked her to act as a roller. She was flouncing down the corridor in a fury when her eyes lit upon Mork, scurrying along by the wall. She let out a shriek so loud that a train passing in the distance whistled back, and then she toppled to the floor.

Mork saw the huge bulk descending towards him and dashed through a hole in the skirting board left by some mice. He found himself in a room full of machinery and began climbing. He just managed to get to the top before the final stages of custard powder poisoning began, and he flopped semi-conscious onto a rubber conveyor belt. He watched



raving lunatic. She had been overweight, she explained; she had not been feeling herself; she just wanted to buy a bottle of ink and get out of there.

"And you're sure you don't want an ink anti-dote for a two-inch alien suffering from custard powder poisoning?" asked the Doctor kindly.

"Someone talking about me?" asked Mork. "Na-No, Na-No everybody."

They all looked up to see Mork in the doorway, covered from head to foot in Superblue Ink, still massaging the screw marks on his head. The Doctor's dropped their instruments and their jaws at the sight and Mindy got up with a hurried 'Thank you', and bustled Mork out of the door.

They came face to face with a bedraggled Lulu McQuiver who took one look at Mork and fainted again, making the whole building shudder. Mindy dragged Mork into the carpark and sped off with a squealing of tyres.

"Sometimes I wonder if you've got your head screwed on right," said Mindy, as she watched Mork fiddling with his neck out of the corner of her eye.

"Is that better?" asked Mork, and Mindy nearly drove into a tree when she saw that his head was facing the wrong way.

through a haze as a 'SUPERBLUE INK' label was wrapped round his body, and then everything went black – or rather blue – when a nozzle came down and a bottle full of the stuff was squirted all over him. He suddenly awoke to find himself full size, except for his head, which had had an ink bottle top screwed onto it before the ink had had time to take effect. Mork sat up on the conveyor belt unscrewed the top and gently rubbed his head as it swelled back to normal size.

He swung off the conveyor belt and sneaked out of the ink bottle plant. He stepped over the body of Lulu McQuiver, who was lying like a beached whale, and went to look for Mindy.

Mindy, anxious to find Mork, but knowing that to repeat the truth would mean that the officials would keep her longer, had just managed to convince them that she was not a





The A-7 Earthlings

AGE.

The only thing worse for an earth person who is young and broke is to be old and bent.

A woman's age is a millinery secret – she keeps it under her hat.

BEAUTY.

A beautiful woman is someone with a lovely profile all the way down.

The better a woman looks, the longer a man does.

CRIME.

Prisoners are the only people who don't mind being interrupted in the middle of a sentence.

DEATH.

People want to die with their boots on so it won't hurt when they kick the bucket.

EARS.

Small boys are notoriously slow to clean their ears. The only time some boys' ears get washed is when they eat a slice of watermelon.

FATE.

A garden party in the snow is a fete worse than death.

GIRLS.

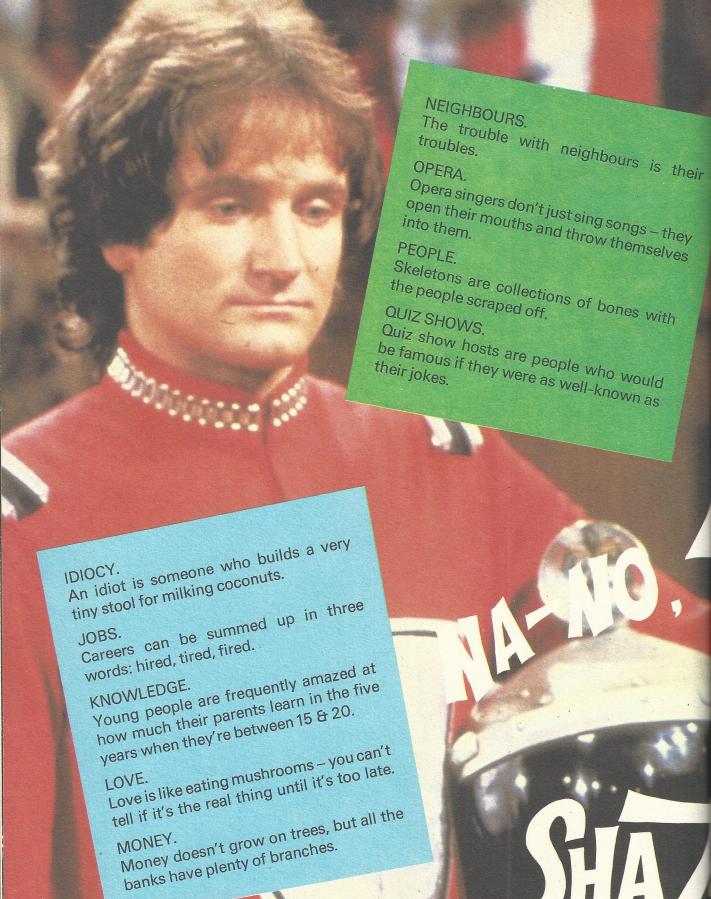
The cleverest girls know how to play backgammon, tennis, and dumb.

HEALTH.

Hospitals are places where they wake you up in the middle of the night to give you sleeping pills.

Orson insists that Mork's study of us earthlings is both thorough and accurate. The eminent Orkan wants to know everything about us, our habits, our foibles, thing about us laugh and what makes us what makes us laugh and what makes us this end Mork has been working or an alphabetically compiled dossier on an alphabetically compiled about our attitudes and behaviour, and about our attitudes and behaviour although the dossier is incomplete, there although the dossier is incomplete, there is sufficient material in it to reproduce some of Mork's observations here in alphabetical order.





RADIO.

The radio is something you play if you can't play a musical instrument.

SHOW BUSINESS.

Show business lawyers have invented a new contract. The first clause forbids you to read the rest of it.

TEENAGERS.

Teenagers are always ready to give adults the full benefit of their inexperience.

UGLINESS.

Ugliness is natures way of getting her revenge.

VACATION.

Vacations are the time a man stops doing what his boss tells him and starts doing what his wife tells him.

WORK.

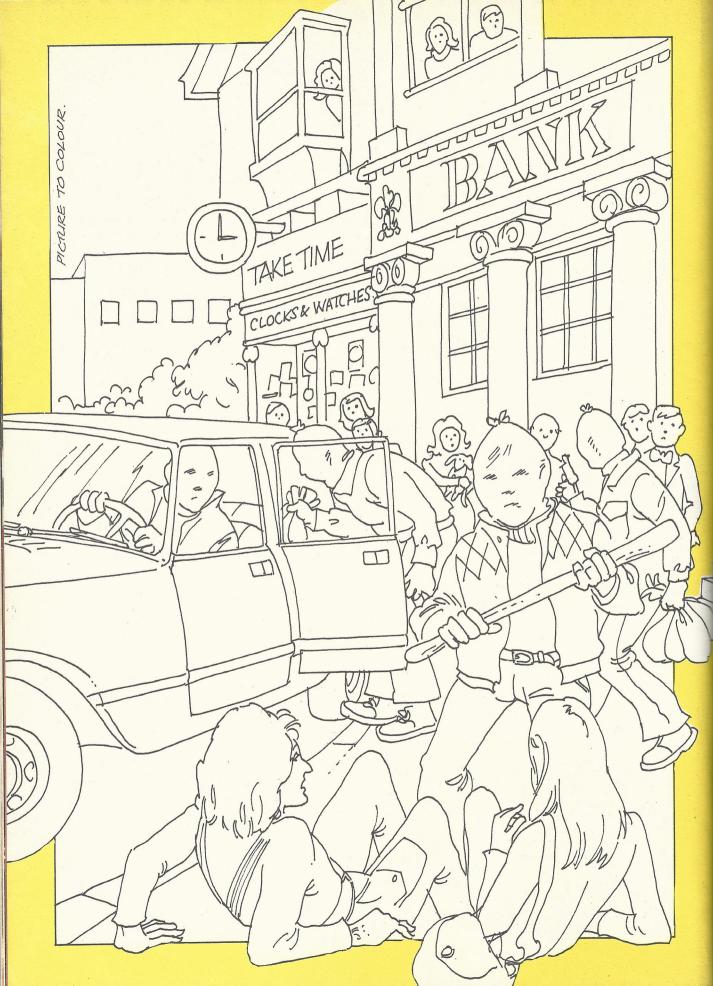
Work is something bakers do because they knead the dough. X-RAYS.

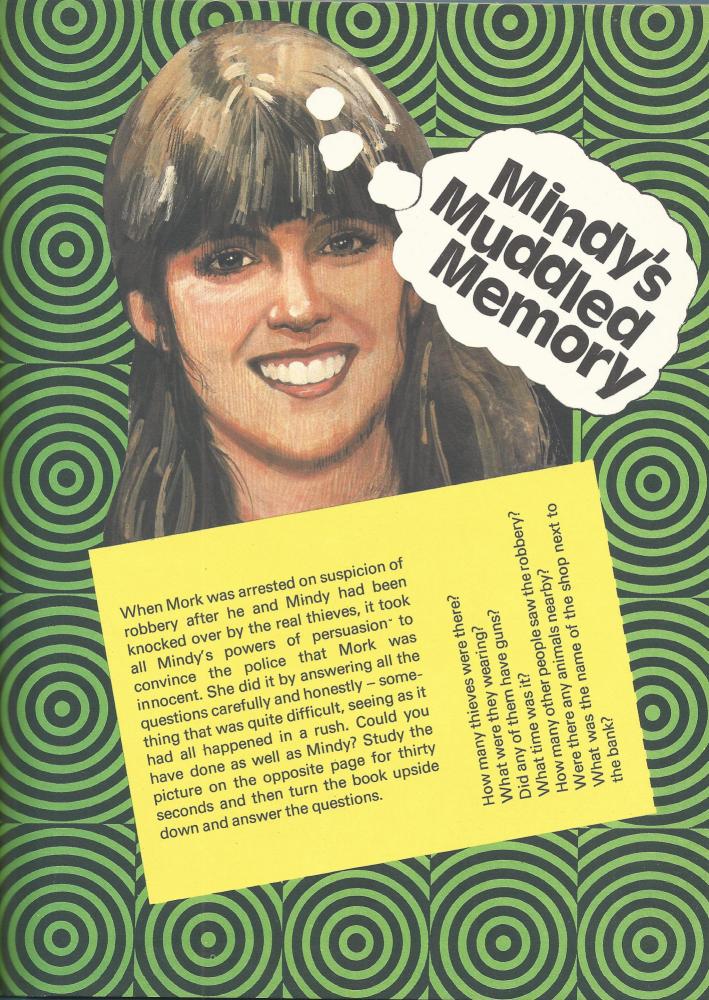
X-Rays help you see through people without making a spectacle of yourself. YOUTH.

Youths are people who aren't scared of anything except a sink full of dirty dishes. Z00.

A zoo is a place where it's always safest to buy two tickets – one to get in and one to get out.

BOT!







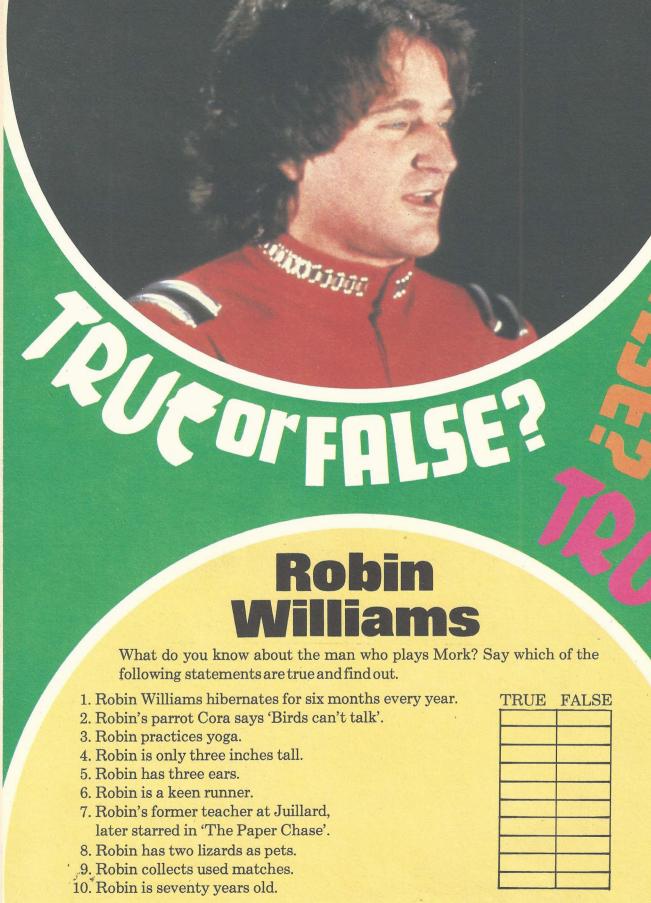


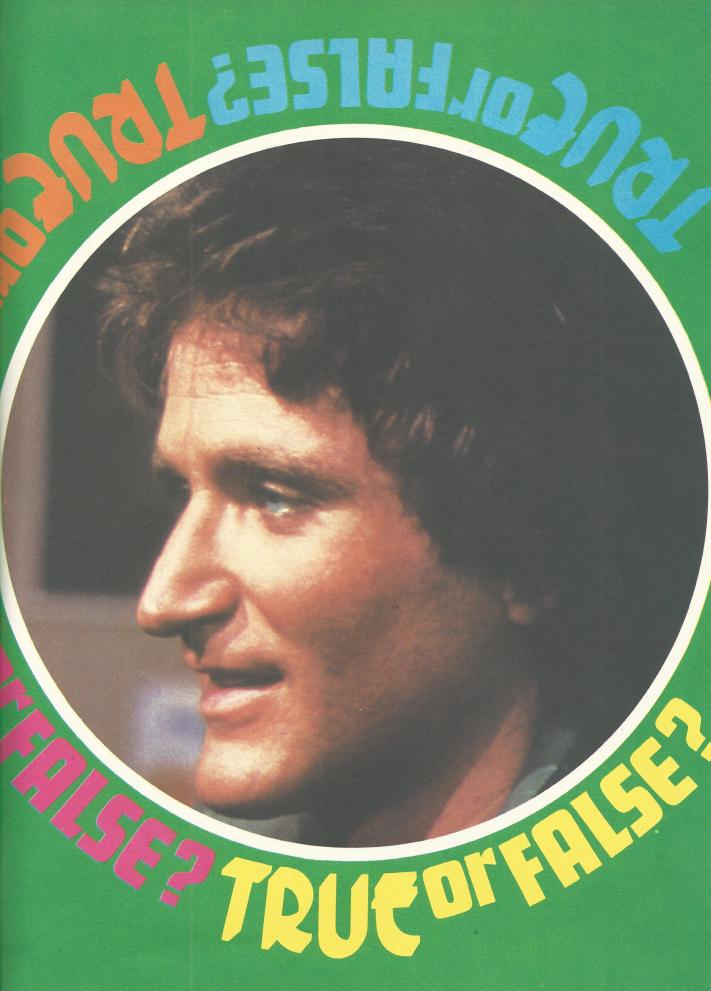














Mr. Bickley's Brainstorm

The afternoon weather was cold and unpleasant and exactly matched Mr. Bickley's mood. To say he was not at his best ignores the fact that Mr. Bickley is never at his best, but Mr. Bickley at his worst - which is exactly how he felt - is something more to be pitied than feared, something more touching than terryfying, and something to be avoided at all costs. His nose glowed red in the crisp afternoon air as he made his way resolutely homewards through the snow, but his dull watery eyes reflected the true measure of his sadness and pain. His teeth ached, his head throbbed, his feet were wet, the place on his thigh where the Doberman Pincher had bitten him felt like it was going septic under the bandage, and the peculiarly ugly little boy who had dropped a snowball down his neck had escaped his grasp without so much as a ticking off. Somehow the festive spirit had managed to elude him once again.

Mr. Bickley's mood was not enlivened by the sight that greeted his eyes as he approached the back door of his apartment building. Mork, the pea-brained retarded nitwit who lived above him in the building, was standing on his head inside a garbage can. Bickley tried to dismiss the image from his mind, but the wildly flailing legs got the better of his efforts and he went over and peered inside. Mork had his head on a pile of old fish-bones and was staring with wonder at a large ginger cat who slept purring at the bottom of the can. Mork welcomed Mr. Bickley's presence with a cockeyed smile.

"Listen," he said excitedly, putting his ear to the cat's stomach, "It's gone to sleep and left it's engine running."

"It's purring," said Mr. Bickley contemptuously, peering further into the can. As he did so, his hat, a woolly Russian number bought only that morning in a despairing attempt to cheer



Mork, having failed to get the cat to start purring again, had gone upstairs and was now helping Mindy wrap presents. He had learned the year before, when he had given Mindy a giant-replica of a fly's eye, made entirely from grapeskins, that humans were very touchy about the gifts they gave and received.

"Do you like animals?" Mork asked Mindy, after telling her of Mr. Bickley's accident.

"Oh sure," said Mindy, sitting down with a wistful look in her eye. "You know, sometimes I wish I was like a bird, so I could fly up free into the heavens and glide over the earth on the wind. Wouldn't you like to do that?"

"I'd rather be an elephant and blow water through my nose," said Mork, and although Mindy laughed at him he didn't mind, because he had solved the problem of what to get her for Christmas. Mork would get her an animal!

But what kind of animal? That was the question that faced Mork as he went out onto the snow-covered street that still thronged with busy shoppers. In fact, if it hadn't been for his supernatural powers of hearing he probably would never have noticed the whining noice coming from the end of the alley as he passed. Further investigation revealed a large bundle of what looked like mops but which, when prodded by Mork, stood suddenly on it's hind legs and putit's front paws on Mork's shoulders. It was a dog - which kind Mork wasn't sure - and it was lost. It was the perfect present for Mindy. Mork patted the dog on the head, rubbed his neck, tickled his ears and scratched that secret spot that dogs can't reach themselves, and soon the two of them were heading home the best of friends.

Mr. Bickley, meanwhile, continued to drink. He had stuck a plaster on his nose and neck, but the drink had long since dulled the pain and humiliation he had suffered and now - dare he hope to even think it? - he was beginning to feel it was good to be alive. A drunk went past the window singing 'My Way' at the top of his voice and Mr. Bickley began to smile even as his left eye - the weak one - brimmed full of sickly sentimentality. Yes, he thought, it wasn't such a bad old world if you didn't weaken, and with this thought at the forefront of his brain he decided to go and see the lovely young couple upstairs. What were they called? Oh yes, Mork and Mindy.



What exactly Mr. Bickley was going to do suddenly seemed of little interest as he reached the top of the stairs and once again his slippered feet caught under another upturned edge of carpet. There was the same lurch forwards, the same outstretched arms, the same somersault. The only difference between the two falls was that this time, he landed flat on his face and spilled his drink.

"Shazbat!" said Mork as Mr. Bickley's bloodshot eyes glared up at him, "a crash landing on the landing!"

"Out!" bellowed Bickley, rising very unsteadily to his feet. "Get out of here. It's a rule of the house that no pets are allowed here and if I see that flea-bitten bag of bones again, I'll call the landlord!"

Mork and the dog dashed downstairs and out of the building. So dogs weren't allowed, eh? He had to think up a plan. Something would have to be worked out permanently later, but now he had to find a warm place to stay for his new companion. They entered a disused garage and some of the contents of it gave him an idea. He immediately began teaching the dog some new tricks.

Twenty minutes later, Mork entered Mindy's apartment.

"What's that?" she asked, nodding towards the fifty feet of rope wrapped round Mork's body.





"It's for emergencies," said Mork, holding his hands behind his back to conceal the large plank from Mindy's vision and shifting across the room to the window. "I think I'll just say hello to the snowflakes. They're all different you know." He opened the window and leaned out. "There's Trevor!" He shouted, pointing into the mass of swirling snow. "Hey Trev! Wha'appen? All right? Merry Christmas! And there's Rico! And Tex! Howdy Tex! Y'all o.k? Merry Christmas to you!"

Mindy listened to Mork making new friends for about a minute, then went back to making the pastries she'd promised Cora for their Christmas party.

Once Mindy had gone into the kitchen, Mork tied the ends of the rope to the plank to make a small platform and lowered it down to the ground. He gave two long, low whistles and watched as the furry shape of his friend approached the plank across the snow.



Meanwhile yet again, Mr. Bickley had sought more solace in the bottle. He clutched a glass in one hand, a bottle in the other and sat, staring out of the open window and pouring himself drink after drink. He was beginning to feel sorry for himself. It wasn't fair. Everyone seemed to be able to enjoy themselves. Not everyone he knew was attacked by cats and dogs and sent hurling down flights of stairs. Maybe there was something wrong with him. Maybe there was something about him that animals didn't like. Animals were said to be super-sensitive. Maybe they knew something about him that he didn't. Maybe it was all in his mind. Maybe he was going mad. Maybe he was having a brainstorm.

It was at the exact moment that this thought entered Mr. Bickley's head that his eyes fell upon a sight that filled him full of equal measures of rage and fear. Outside his window, suspended in mid air, there was a dog, and it seemed to be floating upwards! Mr. Bickley let out a terrible roar and tried to open the window. The catch was stuck and in his haste to get it open, the pane of glass split and fell to the ground. At the window above, Mork, seeing the commotion, decided discretion was the better part of valour and quickly lowered the dog to the ground. He then ducked back inside, closed the window, dashed down the stairs and went out. He met up with the dog in the garage and immediately embarked on another plan, a plan that would need all of the fabled Orkan Communications Techniques if it was to succeed.

As for Mr. Bickley, the shock of not knowing whether he was seeing things or not was taking its toll. He glugged his way through glass after glass and wondered whether he really was mad. If he had seen a dog in mid air outside his window then he must be mad, he reasoned, taking another long gulp from the bottle, unless, - and at this point the last flicker of hope began to catch fire in his mind - unless it was something to do with that idiot in the striped jersey and baggy pants. If he was involved then maybe Mr. Bickley wasn't mad. The only way to prove it was to confront the freak. Still clutching both bottle and glass he staggered to the door and flung it open. There, sneaking up the stairs towards Mindy's apartment was Mork himself and a tallish figure in a long white gown with a large hat that seemed to cover all her face.





"Mork!" shouted Mr. Bickley. "Who's that with you?"

Mork turned round.

"Well, er..." He stammered.

"Don't be bashful, man – spit it out. You sound as nervous as a groom on his wedding day."

"Well, er . . ." said Mork, unable to explain. At this point Mr. Bickley's drink-sodden brain slipped a gear and provided Mork with a way out.

"Good heavens, of course!" boomed Bickley.
"You've just got married! I should have guessed. That's right isn't it?"

"Well, er it is my best friend," said Mork, "-apart from Mindy."

"Rum business, I'm sure," said Bickley, "Anyway let's toast the two of you." He drained his glass and stumbled bleary eyed towards them. "How's about letting an old man kiss the bride." He closed his eyes and puckered his lips in the general direction of Mork's companion on the stairs. Suddenly his whole face was covered with something wet and hot and furry. He opened his eyes and found himself staring into the eyes of the very same animal he'd seen floating outside the window. The 'bride' was a dog and it was licking him! He turned on his heel and with a tortured howl, disappeared to his room.

Later, when Mork related the incidents to Orson, the flabby Orkan was intrigued.

"And what happened after that?" he asked.
"Well, most Globular One, Mindy insisted I advertised to find an owner. I did and the last owner turned up. She had been in an accident in the snow, and had been taken to hospital for shock, leaving the dog all alone. She was very grateful to us for looking after it."

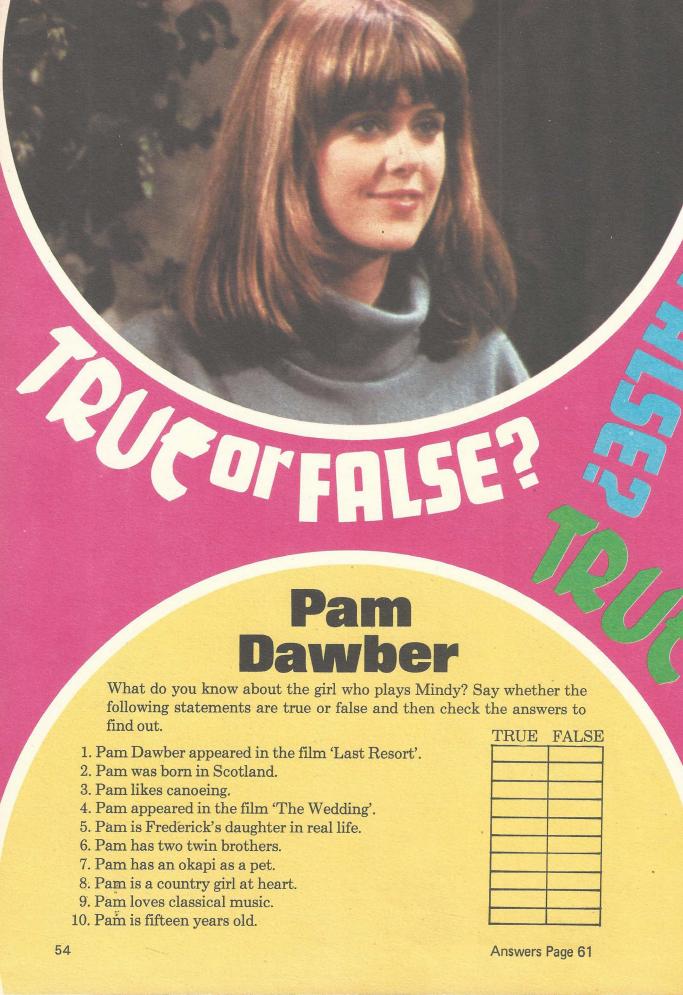
"And Mr. Bickley?"

"Well," said Mork slowly, "he was all right – when we eventually found him. Mindy made it up to him by inviting him over to Cora's party."

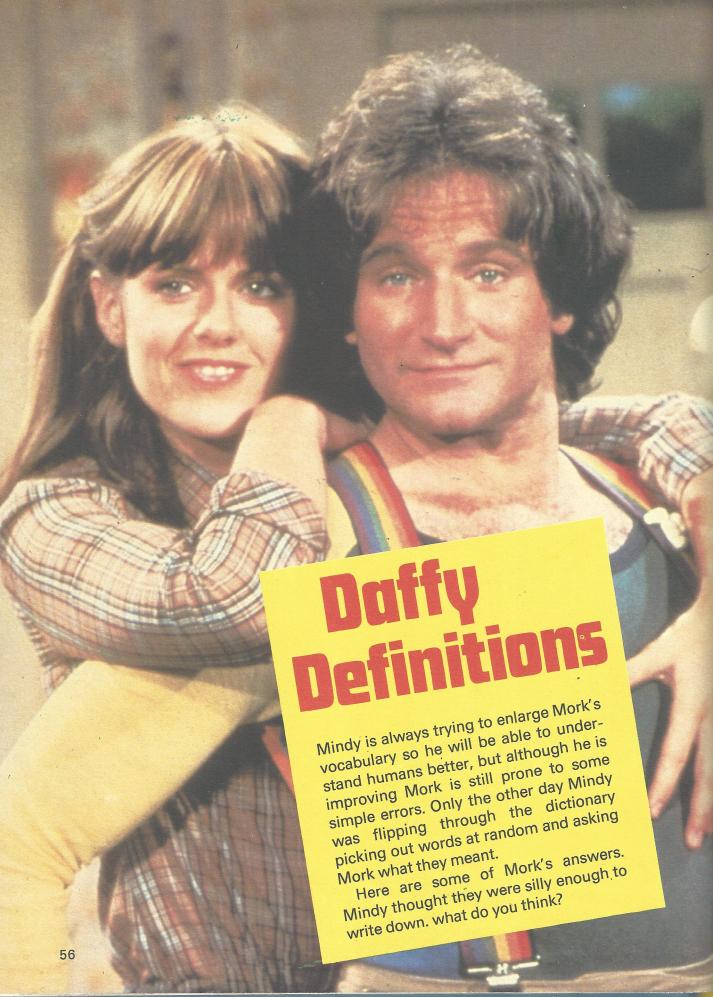
"What do you mean by 'When you found him'? Where was he?"

"Standing inside a wardrobe shouting for the lift operator. That's all for now your Preponderance. This is Mork signing off now. Na-No, Na-No."









Male cat.

A fizzy drink. ATOM:

Missing golf equipment. ACCOLADE:

Hit with a paddle. ABSENTEE: AWE-STRUCK: Deeply in debt. A barber's talent. BILIOUS:

Female butter. AIRCRAFT:

Back door to a cafeteria. BUTTRESS:

Land where everyone drives. BACTERIA:

CARNATION: Bless you.

What you give a taxi-driver. CACHOU:

Playing records in the middle of the night. Send back to prison. CABBAGE: DELIBERATE:

DISCONSOLATE: A switch doctor. A musical quartet. ELECTRICIAN:

Bacteria slaughtering each other. Quick and ugly. FORTUNE:

FASTIDIOUS: To suddenly stop grinning. GERMICIDE: Where Cora comes from. GONDOLIER:

A females glove. GRANARY:

Musically inclined insect. HERMIT:

Irritating mannerism you dislike. HUMBUG:

Where campers live. HABITUATE:

Small pen. INTENSE: With a handle. INKLING:

What dithonetht people tell.

Girl on the other end of the telephone. JUGULAR: LITHE:

OPERETTA: A crane.

OYSTER: Cat.

Real male goose. POSSE:

Bun made of old clothes. PROPAGANDA:

Writer's pen-name. RAGAMUFFIN: Take a second look. ROTUNDA:

Boxer's diary. RECITE:

Dad or mum in a trance. SCRAPBOOK:

TRANSPARENT: Not followed.

Where vests come from. UNCHASTE:

Term of abuse. VESTRY:

The married man's last word. UNIT:

YES:

Lost in the Maze of Mirrors

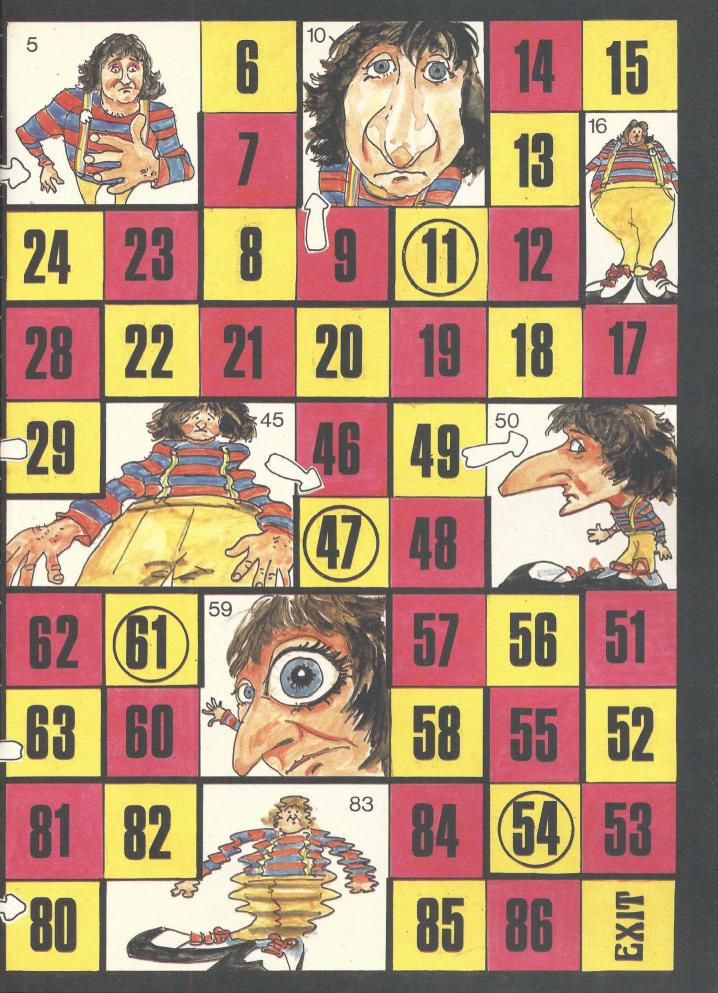
Mork has paid to go into the Maze of Mirrors on the funfair and now he can't find his way out. To add to his troubles, whenever he sees himself in a distorted mirror he panics and is unable to move for some time. How can Mork escape? Why not play the game to find out?

A game for two or more players. Players begin at the entrance and follow the numbered trail. If a player lands on a big mirror square he misses a go. If a player lands on a square where the number is circled he must throw again. The winner is the first player to reach the exit.

33

68





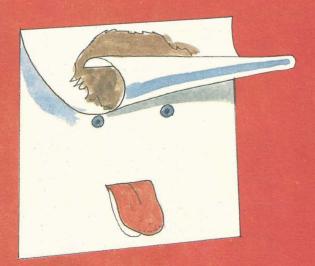


Mork's rubber faced muggings make Mindy smile, and with good reason. It seems the man from Ork can do things with his face that humans can only think about. Why don't you make your own Mork, complete with moving expressions?

Here's how:

Take a long piece of paper and fold it in half.

Copy Mork's face onto the paper then cut out big holes for the eyes and a slit for the mouth, as shown.

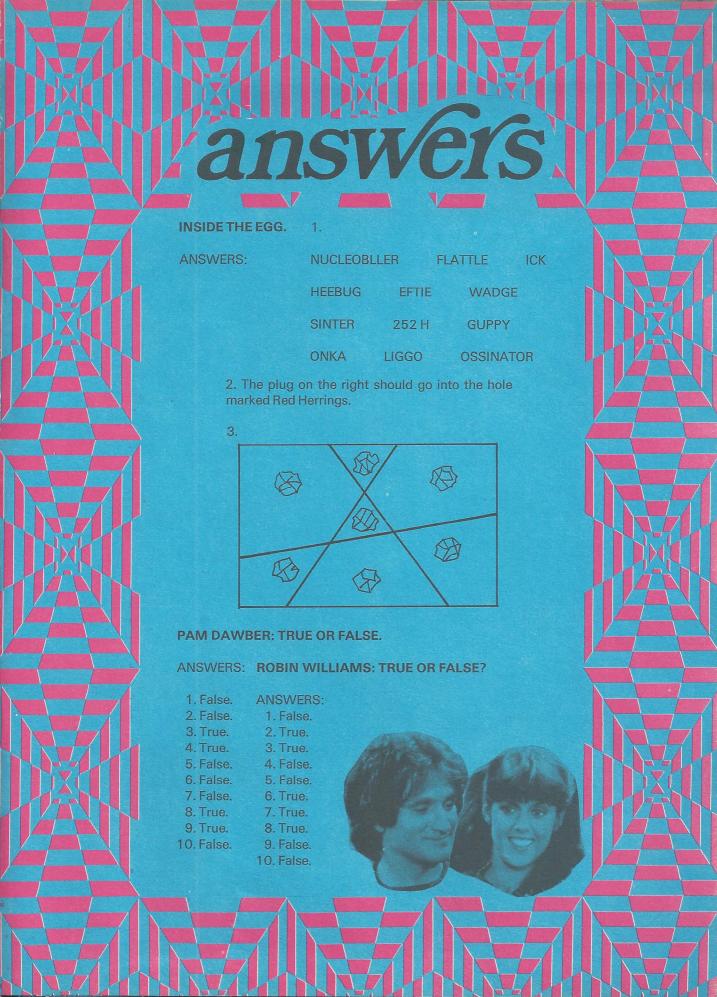


Push the tongue through the moutn. Move the back paper from side to side and Mork starts mugging.



Lift up the front of the folded piece, and on the back draw two black spots for eyes and cut round the tongue, as shown.



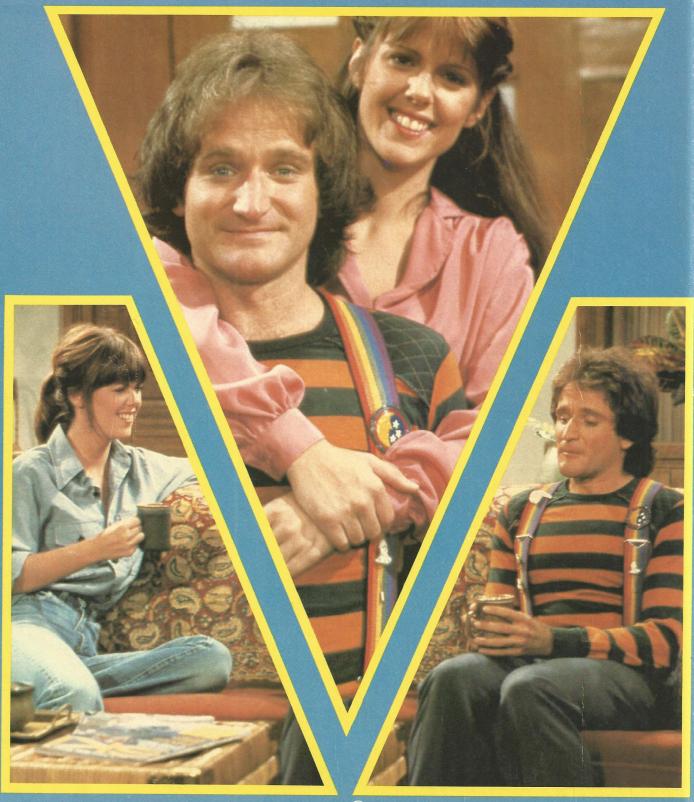






MORK & MINDY

annual 1981



Based on the Popular TV Series

© 1980 Paramount Pictures Corporation

*Designates Trademark of Paramount Pictures Corporation